

THE SINGER ON THE HILL.

Dump the dew were falling, falling,
All the night was dark and still;
And a night-bird calling, calling,
From the shadows on the hill.
The green forest, darkly looming
Against the starry sky,
Up against the starry sky,
From a thicket full of blooming
Roses, came the bird's sad cry:
"Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will!"
From thick shadows falling;
"Hear me, hear me calling,
Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will!"
Winds were softly sighing, sighing,
Through the scattered evening air,
Came the bird's song crying, crying,
Like a sad song in despair.
Rang the measure from the shadows,
On the night, so cool and still,
Floating down across the meadows,
From the singer on the hill.
"Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will!"
From thick shadows falling;
"Hear me, hear me calling,
Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will!"
Through my heart came ringing, ringing
Memories of days gone by,
While the bird kept singing, singing
Over and over his mournful cry.
Nothing brings sad music to me
Like this night-bird's lonely call,
Scenes long past come thrilling through me,
Shadowed by a funeral pall.
"Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will!"
From thick shadows falling;
"Hear me, hear me calling,
Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will!"
—Lottie Grice, in the Current.

A VAGABOND.

Jimmy Gayle sat on the pine straw
with his back against a tree, and look-
ed about him. It was a dry, bright,
dusty day of autumn, with a burning
sun and a cool wind. October had pass-
ed through the woods with her torch,
and set the branches on fire; and in
spite of the glow of noon, there was a
feeling in the air of the slow approach
of winter.

Meanwhile, Jimmy's hand-organ
rested on the ground beside him, and
the attendant monkey gambolled as far
as his chain would allow. But Beppo
sat that amiable and patient disposi-
tion, common to monkeys, which seems
to lend itself readily to a monotonous
life, and seeks to alleviate it by a
dozed little brinks.

He seated himself on a stump, and
began to munch a raw onion that he
sold in both paws; wrinkling his wiz-
ened face in an agonized way as he bit
into the odoriferous bulb. Then, to add
variety to the repast, he flung the
onion on the ground, and pitched head-
down after it from the stump. Then he
glided holding it with his hind-paws
while he ate. Then he discarded it al-
together, and scrambled toward Jimmy,
an awkward run unpleasantly sug-
gestive of a human being on all-fours.
Then he made a futile grab at a pass-
ing fly—examined his empty paw
anxiously, and stuffed it into his mouth
with a foolish slumber.

But the onion was the beginning and
end of all things, and he always re-
turned to it with unabated interest.
He had a self-conscious air, perhaps
the result of his public career; al-
though, indeed, the monkey is the only
animal capable of expressing self-con-
sciousness. The others are supremely
indifferent to the opinions of mankind.
But Jimmy was not thinking of
Beppo. He threw off his battered hat,
and ran his hands through his hair.
"That's good," said he. "It makes
me feel young."

It had been many a year since he had
set his feet in this corner of Mississippi,
but the face of nature does not "grow
out of all knowledge," as towns and
people do. The spot looked as young
as when his eyes first beheld it.

"Must be getting old," he mused. "I
didn't use to like the thought of home—
seemed to me like being tied down to one
spot, and 'drugging' there all our days."
The "voice of the highway" had al-
ways called strenuously upon Jimmy.
He was a born vagabond, and a hun-
dred respectable life would have been
unbearably irksome to him.

He had married early, and, to please
Annie, his fresh-cheeked young wife,
he had stuck manfully to his trade of
tinsmith.

But when she died, leaving a year-old
child, the obligation seemed to be dis-
solved, and he began to lead a roving
life, picking up odd jobs here and there,
and falling into the slouching gait of
the tramp.

Mrs. Crane, the widowed sister of his
wife, had little patience with him.
"You ain't fittin' to have the charge
of a child," she said. "You give Lina
to me, and I'll take care of her. If
you kin make out to do it, you'd better
send me some money, now and then,
to pay for her clo's—not that I count
much on your doin' it," she added, se-
verely.

Since then, Jimmy had been a wan-
derer. He had seen many cities, and
known many hardships; but had always
managed to pick up a living—and, after
all, how much better it was than being
fettered by all sorts of rules!

At last, one day in New Orleans,
the bright idea occurred to him to buy the
hand-organ and monkey of an Italian
who was anxious to sell. Jimmy had
tried to drive a sharp bargain on the
plea that the monkey, as well as the
hand-organ, was "second-hand." But
the Italian maintained stoutly that
Beppo was as good as new, and would
not abate his price by so much as one
cent.

It proved an excellent investment,
for Jimmy went into the rural districts
where monkeys and hand-organs are
exciting novelties, and the public ear
is not satiated with constant repetitions
of the "Gable Duet," and "Good-by,
Jones, I'm gone."

At whatever cluster of houses he
stopped, he was sure of an admiring
audience, and Beppo always handed
his gaudy cap back to his master quite
heavily with small coin. It was Beppo
who made the performance a success,
for the children shrieked with delight
as he hobbled about, cap in hand, his
tail protruding absurdly from his scar-
let shirt.

So Jimmy had made money, and
strange to say, had saved it.

In his vagabond life, he had taken
little note of time, and now, when he
stopped to think, he was startled to

find how many years had rooled away.
"I'm gettin' on in years," he said to
himself, with a pang.

Was the day to come when his ears
would be too dull to hear the voice of
pride? This was his daughter, the
young lady! He and Annie had not
had such a fine wedding. He felt like
rushing up to her, and telling her he
was her father.

But at this moment, one of the girls
said, quite audibly:
"Jimmy, just look at that horrid man.
I feel right scared of him."

Jimmy shrank back. No doubt, his
tangled hair, and eyes bloodshot with
fever made him an unpleasant sight.
This was not the time to press his re-
lationship upon Lina. He would get a
night's lodging somewhere in the vil-
lage, and "sorter fix up" before going
to his sister-in-law's house.

He paused at a small cottage on the
edge of Palmyra. Of old, the Lemons
had lived here; but when he knocked,
a strange face appeared at the door.
"Kin I get a night's lodgin' here?"
Jimmy asked.

"Ain't you?" repeated the man, step-
ping hastily back, and speaking with
angry sarcasm. "Not much you can't,
but them spots all over your face.
The country's full of small-pox; but we
haven't had none here, an' we don't
want none. So you clear out, an' don't
be givin' it to other folks. The Mayor
won't allow you in the town," he added,
with the pitilessness of terror.

He slammed the door, and retired,
calling: "Almury! you Almury! fetch me
the camphire bottle!"

Jimmy turned away, with a swelling
heart. He was an outcast, then—Jimmy
Gayle who had been always wel-
come among his wandering compan-
ions, and had been called a good fellow.
But he would ask nothing more of any
man, he said to himself, as he toiled
along—whether? He scarcely knew.

He came to an empty cabin, standing
not far from the road. It was a poor
cabin, and the floor would make a
hard bed; but at least it would be a
roof over his head.

He grew worse and worse.
"I believe I'm dyin'," he muttered.
"an' I never got home, after all."

He tried to frame a prayer, and fix
his mind on pious things. But all he
would think of was the green-and-
white Methodist Church where he had
gone to Sunday-school. The picture
rose before him of himself seated on a
bench, swinging his bare feet. The
back door stood open, and his thoughts
went wandering out like lost sheep—past
the great clump of Cherokee studded
thick with white roses, and the bloomy
hawthorn hedge, across the green fields,
to the great woods where there was a
glimpse of bright water running on
and on. With what a nerving voice it
called upon him to follow! His Sun-
day-school teacher were wonderful
flowers on her tongue, and used some
sweet kind of scent on her handker-
chief. He never knew his lesson, and
she used to shake her head at him, and
hold up Tom Parker as a model of
good behavior, as she put down a bad
mark after Jimmy's name. The little
shrill voices of the children, singing
the hymn, rang through his head.
How still it was, this Sunday! It seem-
ed as if the birds knew what day it was,
and kept quiet. Only the children's
hymn and the reedy pipe of the mela-
don floated out of the window, and
rose toward the sky.

He came back with a start.
"Yes—I'm dyin'," he said in a
paroled voice.

He fumbled at Beppo's collar. Why
should he keep the poor beast with
him, to starve? He could live a life of
liberty in the woods. At first, Beppo
did not realize the fact of his freedom,
but continued to frolic aimlessly about
the hut.

Jimmy's bleared eyes followed him,
with the anxious hope that he might
stay.

But Beppo had discovered the door—
he hesitated on the threshold for an in-
stant—and was gone.

The man sobbed aloud. Now, indeed,
he was alone.

Then he forgot himself in heavy
dreams, through which the outside
noises of birds and insects pierced
dimly.

He thought that Lina was a child
again, and her little pattering footfall
was echoing on the bare floor. The
sound was so real that his eyes sprang
open.

It was Beppo. Affection for his mas-
ter was scarcely the power that had
brought him back. It was rather be-
cause he had been bred in close quar-
ters, and did not comprehend, as yet,
the wide liberty of woodland life. More
than this, all that this brute instinct
knew of home and food centered in
Jimmy; so he had come home to be fed.

Jimmy tried to thank God for releas-
ing him from the terror of utter loneli-
ness. He thought to himself that he
would feed Beppo once a day, so that
the creature would stay with him, as
long as the food in the knapsack lasted.

But he would drift away into stupor
again, and half-arousing from it, would
fancy that another day had come, and
it must be time to feed Beppo.

In reality, the period of his suffering
was not long; but what an eternity of
misery it held!—of fever, of pain and
the agony of thirst searing the parched
and swollen throat.

Beppo scrambled about the floor
playing with sticks and straws, and
chattering to himself. Sometimes, he
would try to catch the scaly-backed
lizards that darted away over the rough
boards with a husky, rattling noise.
Now and then, he would run to his
master's side, and pass his black paws
over his face, grunting: "Out, out!"
Sometimes he went out; but always re-
turned.

Jimmy had become very still. The
monkey's clever paws were rummaging
in the knapsack.

The sky was deeply blue, and the sun
was smiling the withered fields and
ruddy forests with all its burning light.
Through the hot silence thrilled the
note of the loon.

Jimmy opened his eyes. Every thing
swam before them in a dark mist.
"It's gettin' night," he whispered,
his lips scarcely forming the words.

The vagabond's wanderings were
ended.—Julia K. Wethered, in the Cur-
rent.

outer her eye. She ain't grown no
older—just dried up."

The bride turned and addressed her
as "aunt."

Jimmy's heart gave a great thrill of
pride. This was his daughter, the
young lady! He and Annie had not
had such a fine wedding. He felt like
rushing up to her, and telling her he
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But at this moment, one of the girls
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A MAN WHO WAS SCALPED.

He Says the Operation Caused Him
Considerable Pain—A Narrow Es-
cape from Death.

It has often been said that a man can-
not live after being scalped, writes a
Fort Keogh correspondent of *The San
Francisco Chronicle*. One of the Crow
Indian scouts with Custer before that
brave officer met his fate was caught
by a party of Sioux alone on the prairie
and scalped alive. His enemies cut a
pear-shaped piece out of the crown of
his head and left him writhing in
agony, supposing he would of course
die. Notwithstanding all which the
redskin recovered, and at last accounts
was living with his people on the Crow
reservation and doing well. There is
an old hunter in western Montana
whose cabin is located on the eastern
slope of the Rocky mountains, who had
his hair raised some years ago by a
band of savages, and yet he lives and
thrives in most astonishing good health.
The old fellow's name is Ganzio, and
by reason of his advanced years would,
in the natural course of events, having
white hair now, only that he has no
hair at all to speak of. Still, what lit-
tle he has got, is whitened or gray, the
rest of his head, "where the hair ought
to grow," being as bald as a billiard
ball. To be exact, Ganzio did not lose
his entire scalp, but only a portion of it.
The probabilities are that he could not
have survived with the loss of the whole
top of his head. Some few years ago,
when Sitting Bull was master of this
country, Ganzio was the guide of an
emigrant party en route to Fort Lar-
amie, Wyoming territory.

The story of that expedition is an ex-
ceedingly interesting one, and as related
by himself runs as follows: "One
day we were coming into the valley of
Butte creek, on our way to Fort Lar-
amie, when we thought we saw Indians
coming down the creek to the right. In-
stead of camping there, we thought it
safer to water our stock and go on to
the hills and make a dry camp in the
bushes. I had been sent on ahead up
the hill to reconnoiter, and took with
me a boy named Kuntze, from Oma-
ha, merely for company. We sat down
to wait for the wagons, which were
slowly coming up out of the valley.
When the wagons reached us I started
on alone through the rocks and pine
bushes to seek a good camp. A few
hundred yards further on I looked
down a ravine to the right and saw five
mounted Indians ride across the valley.
I started to go back to the train, when
at least a dozen Indians ran at me out
of the brush, and you bet I ran and
called for help. In a minute more two
or three of them shot at me. I felt a
sharp, stinging pain in my right leg,
and another in my left shoulder, and I
fell. Then they were upon me in a
minute, and one of them put his knee
on my back, while another hit me a
clip with a club. Another struck me
with the butt of a gun, and then I be-
came partly unconscious. Still I had
reason and feeling enough left to know
that I was being scalped; for the hair
held so tightly and the pain was so
awful that I could not die then even if
I wanted to. I felt a hot, stinging pain
all around the top of my head—the
hair being torn out by the roots, so to
speak—and it was too much. I died,
or at least I thought I did; but as it
happened my scalp, or a part of it, was
saved just as it was being torn off. The
boys at the wagon had seen me run-
ning; saw the Indians and came at run-
—thirteen of them, arriving just in time
to prevent the red devils finishing their
work. The Indians, as well as my
friends, thought I was dead, but I came
to again, and what was left of my scalp
was laid back in place. It was only
half torn off you see, and the place is
pretty well healed now."

"What did you do with yourself af-
terward?" I inquired.

"Why, I hurried into Fort Lar-
amie, got the attention of a physician, and
went back to the states for a while; but
the western fever came strong upon
me again and I had to return to the
mountains, where I have been ever
since."

UNEXPECTED.

A MOTHER SAVED FROM AN UNTIMELY
DEATH.

Tears of Sorrow Turned to Smiles of Re-
joicing.

ROCHESTER, AUG. 31, 1886.

PARDEE MEDICINE CO.—GENTLEMEN: I
am now seventy-three years old, and un-
til I was seventy I was always strong and
healthy; but the amount of suffering I
have endured since that time, I feel to be
sufficient for a lifetime. I had a severe
attack of sciatic rheumatism, which com-
pletely prostrated me; my limbs and feet
and in fact my whole body was so drawn
out of shape that it was impossible to
move without assistance. I was unable to
straighten my limbs or to step on my feet
for more than a year and my life was dis-
paired of. Children and friends were
called in to see me. I was treated by
three good physicians, and they and my
friends did all they could to relieve my
suffering—but with no avail. My hips
were blistered, and my limbs rubbed,
bathed and banded, but nothing they
could do afforded me even temporary re-
lief. I cannot describe my suffering,
I urged them to let me try Dr. Par-
dee's Remedy, as I had read so much
about it, and of those who had been
cured by its use, that it gave me
confidence in it, although I
confess I had little or no faith in so-called
patent medicines. The remedy was pro-
cured, and I commenced using it as directed,
and after taking it a short time could
see that it was helping me. I began to
perpire freely, and as the perspiration in-
creased the pain decreased, but my cloth-
ing and bedding was a sight to behold, be-
ing nearly as yellow as saffron. I had
taken the remedy but a short time when
I could sleep like a child, and relish my
food like one. Thank God it has cured
me, and I am to-day as healthy and strong
as before, and can walk and have as free
use of my limbs as ever. I have recom-
mended your Remedy to very many who were
afflicted, and I do not know of a case it
has not cured. I am confident that it will cure
young people, if it will cure at my age.
You are at liberty to use my name, and
will be the means of inducing my poor
sufferer to use your excellent Remedy. I
am very gratefully yours,
MRS. JANE A. FLACK,
301 Jefferson Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

The sale of Dr. Pardee's Remedy for the
past three months in Western New York
has exceeded that of any remedy known
in the country. It has succeeded in the
history of medicines it has proven its right
to the title of "The Greatest Blood Purifier"
ever offered to the afflicted. We challenge
any medicine to show an appreciation at
home, or wherever used, like this which
has been poured upon Dr. Pardee's
Remedy.

The permanent cures it has effected
have made for it a reputation that no
other remedy has been able to attain.
Send for pamphlet.

PARDEE MEDICINE CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.

A chap down in Illinois has bought up
all the good sites in the country for
grave yards and is holding them for a
big rise. After the old ones get full the
people have got to come to his terms or
quit dying.

The Acknowledged Cure for Sick
Headaches, CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, from
one pill.

A pillow sham—the sleeping car pil-
low.

No one knows better than those who
have used Carter's Little Liver Pills what
relief they have given when taken for
dyspepsia, indigestion, pain in the side, con-
stipation, disordered stomach, &c. Try
them.

FACT AND FANCY.

Pineapples are offered two for a
nickel at Tampa, Fla.

A theater to cost \$10,000 is to be
built in Oaxaca, Mexico.

The monthly pay-rolls of eight min-
ing companies in the vicinity of Butte,
Montana territory, aggregate \$620,-
000.

The rough statue of a man wearing
a tall hat, and bearing the date 1610
was found recently in the ruins of the
old fort at Pemaquid, Me.

"Blood relations mean near re-
lations," said Widow Coshannigan to
her boy. "Well, then, you must be
the bloodiest relation I've got."

Grocer—Half a pound of tea? Which
you have, black or green? Serv-
ant—Share your will do. It's for
an old woman that's nearly blind.

Meigs' wharf, the old landmark,
or, more correctly, watermark, of San
Francisco pioneer days, is a thing of
the past. It has dropped out of sight.

A mountain lion, measuring nine
feet three inches in length, and resem-
bling the African species, was killed
near Phoenix, Arizona territory, re-
cently.

Three tramps were found locked in
a freight car at Pendleton, Oregon.
They had traveled eight hundred miles
and were suffering from thirst and
hunger.

"Well, my little man," said the
bishop to Bobby, "do you remember
me?" "Oh, yes, sir," replied Bobby.
"You stopped with us when you were
here before. Pa thinks it can't cost
you much for hotel bills."

"Are your domestic relations agree-
able?" was the question put to an un-
happy-looking specimen of humanity.
"Oh, my domestic relations are all
right," was the reply; "it is my wife's
relations that are causing the trouble."

It is a curious fact that wasps' nests
often take fire, as is supposed, by the
chemical action of the wax upon the
material of which the nest is compos-
ed. Many of the fires of unknown
origin in haystacks and farm buildings
may thus be accounted for.

Miss Boston (to base-ball pitcher)—
I was present at the game this after-
noon, Mr. Homerun, and I admire
your pitching so much. Your curves
reminde me of Hogarth's line of beau-
ty. Pitcher (college club)—Indeed!
What nine does Hogarth pitch for?

It is reported from Halifax that
divers have brought to the surface
from the wreck of the steamship
Atlantic, which was lost near Morris
rock in 1873, a bar of iron, attached
to which are seventy sovereigns, which
must have been affixed by some chemi-
cal action.

The most unique incident of the sea-
son is recorded by a voracious Florida
contemporary: "A cow was browsing
near the edge of the lake near Aubur-
dale, recently, when she was gobbled
by a large alligator and was about to
be made into Florida beef. She lost
both her horns and now goes bare-
headed."

A dying bonfire on the highway ex-
cited the wonder of people at Waterloo,
N. Y., a few nights ago. Two tons of
hay overladen a wagon so that two
pieces of iron were brought in con-
tact. Fire followed the friction, and
sparks flew into the hay, whereupon
it caught fire, and set on fire

Wife (returning to
it was too lovely! She
died, in the last four
times, and even
house was crying, and
play so much in my
blister.

Two ministers, who
are using a cit ze-
for saying that the
on a haystack at
propose to "turn it
tl they have had so
blister.

Mr. F. Rentscher,
contracted a severe
hoarse he could not
number of remedies,
even the efforts of
to give slight relief,
try Red Star Ointment,
which entirely cured
him.

"Charles," said a
nice priest, "I have
asked Clara to be
"Give her a
suggested to be
phia No.

De No. 1
LIVER PILLS.

A Miracle
I have been
cured stomach
keered mouth
kept about my
June. For three
I had a severe pain
heart, at times seem-
It affected my shoul-
from my arm; could
my food caused me
age also, seemed to
recovery and not the
I employed the very
ance I could get while
but little encouragement
moved to Vassar Oct.
giving me every ten
teaspoonful of brandy
teaspoonful of nourish-
I commenced bloating
here every appearance
We called our physi-
when in Caro. On the
last we called a coun-
Vassar "three in num-
All of them
pronounced my case
with the rest inflama-
and I lay almost life-
the leading physician
rested to a name mind
all my husband might
anything that would
could be done. My hus-
medicine at Johnson &
druggist at Vassar, and
giving it to me, and in
began to put me in an
for a short time each
at which time I had
no use of my lower
was numb; it was a
months before I could
crutches. I am now a
walked one and a half
month, can eat all kinds
I have gained from 82
May, to 116 now, could
ness, but delicacy pre-
I want to say to my
cured me. I used four
the first five bottles; I
all and am well. If any
this has any doubt, send
of my statement, it will
to refer them to my
here, as they are all as-
covery. It is a great
Very truly,
MRS. CHESTER GAGE.

Vassar, Mich., Oct. 11, 1886.

This is to certify that I have known Mrs.
Gage since she came to Vassar, and know
the facts set forth in her statement above
to be true.
Very truly,
GEO. E. WILLIAMSON,
Of the firm of Johnson & Williamson,
druggists, Vassar, Mich.

J. K. Delbridge, Conductor on the Chicago &
West Michigan Railroad, Becomes Heir to
a Large Fortune.

I have suffered more than language can
express with sciatic rheumatism for twelve
years, and have expended hundreds of dol-
lars for medicine. I have never found
anything that has done me as much good
as Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Plaster.
They are truly a rheumatic specific,
and take great pleasure in recommend-
ing them to my friends.

Yours truly,
J. K. DELBRIDGE,
21 Pleasant street,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

The lap of luxury—the cat's interview
with her milk.

"I would not live away." No; not if
disease is to make my life a daily burden.
But it need not, good friend, and will not
if you will be wise in time, and many of
our loved ones are moldering in the dust
who might have been spared for years.
The slight cough was unheeded, the many
symptoms of disease that lurked within
were slighted, and death came. Dr. Pierce's
"Golden Medical Discovery" cannot recall
the dead, though it has snatched numbers
from the verge of the grave, and will cure
consumption in its earlier stages.

A green grocer—one who does not
sland his sugar.

Don't Hawk, Spit, Cough,
suffer dizziness, indigestion, inflammation
of the eyes, headache, lassitude, inability
to perform mental and indisposition
for bodily labor, and annoy and disgust
your friends and acquaintances with your
usual twang and offensive breath, and con-
stant efforts to clean your throat and
throat when Dr. Sage's "Catarrh Rem-
edy" will promptly relieve you of discom-
fort and suffering, and your friends of the
disgusting and noxious inflictions of your
loathsome disease.

A swell affair—next morning's head.

Young or middle-aged men suffering
from nervous debility, loss of memory,
premature old age, as the result of bad
habits, should send to cents in stamps for
large illustrated treatise. Address,
WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION,
693 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Ac end man—the undertaker.

The original color may be restored to
gray hair by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

Important in sudden colds, Ayer's Cherry
Pectoral is equally effective in lung
troubles.

Boy—I'm glad we don't live in Cali-
fornia.

Pa—Why so, Tommy?"

Boy—Humph! I read in a paper that
in California grapes were selling for a
cent a pound. Can't be much fun
stealing grapes in that sort of a place.
—Texas Slings.

No Opium in Pico's Cure for Consumption.
Cures where other remedies fail, &c.

Sign in a New York resort: "No excuse
if found with another man's hat."

Ten Turnout—"Blessed's Blessing"
taken directly on the organs of the
voice. They have an extraordi-
nary effect in the disorders of the throat.